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NO PERSON UNIMPORTANT.

THE pride of class and individual state tend to make many members of the social scene appear extremely unimportant, or rather destitute of all importance. And, in our ordinary moods, we are accordingly very apt to feel towards such persons as if they were scarcely entitled to be reckoned as existing. We here commit a great, though perhaps a very natural mistake. It would be of little use in this place to show its inconsistency with high doctrines as to the nature and destiny of man, but the same end may be served if it can be shown as fallacious upon the simplest worldly considerations. No member, then, of any body of men can be unimportant, so long as men live in society, for in that state—such are the relations arising from the fact of our all partaking of the same nature—the highest are liable to be affected in some degree in their fortune and happiness by the meanest. So bound up are we together in interests, that what hurts one hurts all, and we really thrive as much in things favourable to our neighbour, as in those bearing immediately upon ourselves.

First as to a community of bodily qualities. Here the pride of natural endowment, as well as that of conventional dignity, is sadly humbled; for, as is well known, there is not the slightest difference between the physical constitution of the greatest man and that of the humblest. Both, accordingly, are liable alike to influences calculated to operate injuriously on the bodily frame. When any one asks, therefore, of what worldly consequence to the proud and great is the existence of any particular specimen of the humble, it may be sufficient to point out that an infectious disease affecting the latter may be communicated to the former, and involve both in common ruin. How often has it happened that a beggar has brought to a city a malady which has swept off multitudes of the higher as well as inferior classes! The rising of disease among the miserable classes, and its spreading upwards among the affluent, is unfortunately a phenomenon not confined to past periods of history, but every day exemplified in our own country.* It is on such occasions that the importance we are all of to each

other is brought most affectingly before us. We then see how it might have been of consequence to some family living in easy and elegant circumstances, that some other particular family living in wretchedness, in a distant part of the same town, had been in time succoured with a brotherly help, and so redeemed from the danger they were in of proving a bane to all around them. It is a terrible form of admonition, but is it not a just one, considering that we really are one family, and therefore ought to love and cherish one another? Even where the punishment is not of so severe a kind, we can be at no loss to see others befalling the higher classes for their neglect of those of poor estate. The care of the disease which has been allowed to arise, the charge of the helpless dependents of those who have perished—these being exactions so much greater than what would have prevented the evil at first—may well be regarded as penalties incurred by society for its omissions of duty. Man, in his hardness of heart, or under the guidance of false principles, may rebel against these ordinations of Providence; but, till he can change the arrangements by which we all move and breathe, he must choose between the two courses, either to regard all his fellow-creatures as brothers, and to act by them accordingly, or to remain exposed to the many dangers by which, through his neglect of this maxim, he must ever be surrounded.

We may now inquire how the humble become of importance to the rest from a community of moral constitution. This is simply because moral conditions follow the same law as physical, and that we are thus, as in the former case, enabled to affect each other for good or evil. In the classes called miserable, who are the humblest of all, there must needs be, as a general result, very low moral conditions. Here, indeed, we usually find a concentration of almost all the vices of which our nature is capable. The corruptions spread outwards and upwards, exactly like a pestilence, and inevitably tend to contaminate the better classes. Even in the necessity which they occasion for a defensive vigilance on the part of their superiors, they do a great injury, for thus are men's hearts shut up, and mutual love and confidence extinguished. Still worse are the results of the penal severities which they call for, for every blow of the sword of Justice tends in some degree to harden the feelings of the community. Thus are the mean made important to the exalted; thus does the moral situation of the poorest and vilest of mankind become a matter of some interest to the very highest, wide as is the social gulf which appears to lie between them.

This concludes the case of a humble body against a high one. Let us now see how it stands with regard to an individual against the whole mass of society. There is a tendency in many persons to suppose that

* I have witnessed a pretty general epidemic fever in the New Town of Edinburgh (in winter of 1828-9) consequent on that previously prevailing among the poor in 1827-8, but occurring when the poor in the Old Town were nearly exempt from the disease; and it is well known that one of the most virulent epidemic fevers recorded in history—that which afflicted France in 1830—although beginning as usual by famine, general distress, and indigence, and bands of wandering beggars, soon extended rapidly upwards in society, and ultimately acquired its vulgar name (*Trouse-pain*) from its frequency and fatality among a part of the population certainly very different from that which has chiefly suffered of late years in Scotland.—*Dr Alison on the Contagious Fever of 1843*, p. 62.

they are unimportant to their fellow-creatures, and that their conduct also is unimportant, because they form respectively but *one* out of a mighty number. There could not well be a greater mistake than this, for there is no such thing as a thoroughly detached and isolated individual: we are all inextricably tied up and interlaced with each other; so that no man can live or act without affecting others in some degree, and to some purpose, concerning their weal or wo. Look alone to the principle of imitation. Through this principle every one is, consciously or unconsciously, modifying the tendencies of all who have opportunities of seeing or judging of him. That disposition which more or less inspires us to walk by some neighbouring example, tells powerfully, even by itself, in making everybody's conduct important. Superadded to this, there is a disposition in many to venerate those with whom they are brought into contact, albeit perhaps unworthy of the feeling; and where this is the case, there will be a much more powerful tendency to follow the line of conduct exemplified. Who can tell what fascination he may, every moment of his life, be exercising over some humble, though unknown worshippers, leading them right or wrong according as he may chance to act? There are no doubt very various degrees of personal influence; yet it is equally indubitable that hardly any person is so extremely humble as not to be surrounded by some who, either from imitation or veneration, or from a mixture of both, will be affected to good or evil by his example.

Besides this, it is in the very nature of every moral phenomenon to be diffusive. A good or bad act is like a stone dropped in a pool, which sends out a succession of waves all round, until the impulse first given is exhausted. The good act goes forth smiling in the face of mankind, and makes all smile delightedly who see or hear of it; the bad act bursts out with a frown, which darkens all around it. That is to say, when we witness or are informed of an act comprising conscientiousness, kindness, self-sacrifice, magnanimity, or any other noble principle, we naturally are warmed by it into a love of the same good principle, and are strengthened in a wish to do likewise. And when we see or hear of an act comprising inhumanity, base deception, or injustice, we are at the best roused into the exercise of a resentful principle, which, though we may call it honest indignation, does in reality give us no positive advance as moral beings—possibly we are only sullied by the passing of a wave of the muddy waters of error over our minds. Accordingly, that there should ever be a bad deed done, or a foul or harsh word spoken, is a misfortune and an evil to all around—no saying to how remote a shore of society's mighty ocean. A moment sees the deed done or the word issued, and years may not see its waves spent on those distant beaches. Little, and apparently trivial at first, it may so act and react in the sphere which it affects, that at length it comes to be a wide-spread and devouring mischief. Thus is the peace of families daily broken; thus do poor mortals, by momentary slips, lay up stores of calamity for themselves; thus arise wars and desolations of kingdoms, retarding the coming of good to man indefinitely. If this is a true view of the matter, it follows that no man's conduct is unimportant to society. Individually, we reap the benefit of every good emotion that rises in the bosom of another: collectively, we are punished for the errors of every individual.

If the humblest be thus morally important to the rest, how much more so are those whose position gives them more than the average proportion of influence. All conduct bears an immense increase of consequence when it is connected in the popular mind with rank, wealth, talent, and other things usually held in esteem. Great, accordingly, is the responsibility of those so endowed for their every word and deed. Here there can, indeed, be no pretence of the unimportance of individual conduct, for the effects are open, palpable, and univer-

sally acknowledged. It would be too much to expect that the claim upon such persons should be in every case carefully regarded, but let its importance at least be as generally impressed as possible. The responsibility seems particularly obligatory where the superiority conferred is that of superior intellect. We there look more expectingly for every form of good, and are the more rejoiced or saddened as our expectation is gratified or disappointed. Pityable, too, is it for the erring spirit himself, for how thoroughly does he thereby balk the design which Providence had formed in his favour! Men of superior intellect are the natural leaders of their species. They have a rank placed before them, to be secured by the right use of their abilities. Their abusing that gift is as thoroughly a casting of precious fortune at their feet, as is the prodigal spending of a miser's hoard by an impatient heir. They might go crowned amidst their fellows, with the palm-trees of triumph waving around them, and they consent to wallow in the mire, to the disgrace of themselves and the pollution of their neighbours.

Let no one, then, ever say to himself or others, I am of no consequence; I am poor and despised, and of no account; or, I am only one among many, and have no influence. The poorest class tells powerfully on the highest. The despised is a subject of very fair anxiety to the most exalted; and every person, however limited his gifts, is continually operating for good or evil on all around him.

JOURNEYINGS IN AMERICA BY A YOUNG ADVENTURER.

RETURN THROUGH CANADA—EMIGRATION.

I BELIEVE I have mentioned that I was in one of the thinly-settled townships of Simcoe. The beautiful but short Indian summer was now over, and the coming winter began to cast his gloomy shadow before. A few of the trees, however, were still clad in their gayer livery of autumn, variegated with orange or yellow on a rich green ground. The approach of winter anywhere is dismal, but in a Canadian forest it is peculiarly so. The misty rain comes down sullenly, thickening the whole atmosphere, and imparting its own sulky unsoocial disposition to everything it comes in contact with. The leaves, summer friends as they are, fading under the first breath of adversity, drop silently away, one by one, leaving the once lusty and jovial beech and maple to bow the head under the pressure of misfortune, while the tall dark evergreen pines and hemlocks stand aloof like cynic philosophers moralising on the hopes and extravagance of youth, vouchsafing not even a look of pity to their stricken brethren. I tramped along, now half up to my knees in a puddle, and now extricating myself with difficulty from some hole lined with stiff adhesive clay. I was wet, cold, and dispirited, my fur cap conducting all the rain that fell on it down my back, and each of my boots charged with about a pint of mud and water. I had not for several miles past seen any farther mark of civilised life than the path before me, and I had already resolved, on arriving at the next house, to remain there until the winter set in—as my labours, I knew, would be considered a good equivalent for my board and lodging—and then to make my way back to some more civilised part of the country, as I began to fear that I should only make a good leatherstocking in the weather. It was late in the afternoon when I reached a clearing, and one of which the appearance was not very promising. It was manifestly the work of a person unaccustomed to backwood life, most probably of some poor emigrant from the old country. The small patch of land was only partly surrounded by a worn fence, which was broken down in one or two places, and a thin cow was endeavouring to extract nourishment from the stubble of the last crop of corn. The house had a dirty and neglected look, and an old hat supplied the place of one of the panes of glass. But this

was nothing to the scene inside. According to the custom here, I walked into the house without knocking at the door. The room was unswept, the furniture out of place, and the culinary utensils that had been in use for the last week were lying in disorder about the hearth; but the cause of this unwonted appearance was soon visible. Crouching over the fire, cooking supper for herself and a child who hung screaming in her arms, was a young woman, certainly not more than twenty, and who had evidently been very pretty, though now pale from sickness both of body and mind; and every now and then she turned round with an expression of anxiety, to listen to the indistinct mutterings of her husband, who was lying in bed delirious and much reduced by fever. She did not seem at all surprised to see a stranger, nor did she ask me, as customary, for news; her own situation seemed to have absorbed all her thoughts. I sat down with her to the frugal supper of porridge, for she was too weak for any more complicated cookery; and during the meal she related to me her short but affecting tale. Her husband, whose name was Mathews, and his elder brother were mechanics, who had, by the death of a relation, received a small sum of money, which they had resolved to lay out in settling themselves up in Canada. When they reached the land of promise, they found that their own trade was not a good one, and it was determined to purchase a farm. But a disagreement arose between the brothers as to the district in which to settle, and the share of the profits each was to have, and they separated. The younger one, who had the smaller share of money, bought some uncleared land, and built a log-house; but it was not known what had become of the elder brother. At first the solitary couple got on pretty well, in spite of the hardships inseparable from the commencement of the career of a poor emigrant. They had paid for their land, and if they did not make any profit by their first harvest, they had at least grown enough to support themselves, and had great hopes for the future. But the usual scourge of the backwoods attacked them; a fever first prostrated the wife, and when she was beginning to recover, her husband was taken ill, and had been laid up for the last month. She herself was almost perfectly helpless from the weakness left by the disease, and the fatigue of attending her husband and child; and the neighbours, of whom only one or two lived within the space of several miles, although they did come in sometimes to assist her, and to cut wood for fuel, were poor, and only themselves beginning the world, and had perhaps sick of their own to attend to. The doctor, who lived seven miles off, was very kind, and came once or twice a-week to see them, bringing different little delicacies; but his time was valuable, and there were others who were as badly off as they. Now, thought I, here I am in a capital situation to experience something of life in the backwoods, and can not only pass my time very pleasantly until the commencement of winter permits me to travel, but shall also have the satisfaction of being of service to these good folks. There is nothing like beginning at once; so I took off my coat and braces, tied a handkerchief round my knees, and shouldering an axe, speedily made my debut as a wood-chopper. After much puffing, and panting, and stopping for a moment or two to wipe my forehead, I at last managed to get a small tree down, although, I must say, it looked much more as if it had been gnawed down by the beavers than felled by the axe. The fall of your first tree produces a glorious feeling; shooting your first tiger is nothing to it. The denizens of the forest here are giants in height. There is no room for them to spread, and so they grow upwards, to receive as much light and rain as they can; and when you succeed in felling one, it comes toppling down, crashing through the branches of its neighbours, and as it falls, thundering on the ground, making the woods resound with its noise. When I had the tree down, I lopped off the branches, and cut the trunk up in the orthodox lengths of four feet each, and then split these until they were of

such a size that I could carry three or four in my arms at once. We had a roaring fire that night! After having pretty well 'used myself up' with chopping, and carried the wood in with a great deal of difficulty, I milked the cow, which, by the way, is the duty of the men all over America. I now informed Mrs Mathews of my intention to stop a few days with her; and in order to do justice to her request to make myself perfectly at home, I made a complete survey of the house, and looked into all the closets, so that I might know where to find any article I required. I determined on making the room, or rather loft, on the top of the house my bed-chamber. In all log-houses, I think, in the whole continent of America, this room is the same, and has the same contents. There is always a bed, covered with a buffalo-skin, in one corner for strangers, and sometimes a bedstead. There is always a long string of dried apples, which are, when ripe, pared, quartered, and strung, and a quantity of ears of Indian corn picked out for the seed of next year; and there always is a spinning-wheel and a quantity of yarn, and sometimes a loom. After I had finished my survey, I resolved to prepare a more substantial meal than the one of which I had partaken. Now, gentle readers, I will inform you that I am a modest quiet person, seldom talking about myself, and giving way to everybody on all points except two—these are, cooking and fishing. I do not profess to have a genius for anything else; but in these I certainly come out very strong. In the voyage out, my cookery was the theme of universal admiration. I discovered no less than fifteen new methods of cooking rice, which perhaps I may one day give to the world; and biscuit-puddings, *à la Brown*, were quite the rage. The modesty, however, for which I have taken credit, prevents me from informing you of the excellence of the flour-cakes I made on the present occasion, which were raised with carbonate of potash, or saleratus, as it is here called; neither shall I vaunt my fried ham, although the natives of America generally (who are in a lamentable state of heathenism with regard to cookery) associate this rich viand in the frying-pan with twice its own weight of grease. Suffice it to say, that the care-worn lady of the house approved heartily of my doings. Both Mr Mathews and his wife began to recover fast, and we made an agreeable party in the evening over our cider and apples. They were good-humoured intelligent people, and, for their station in life, possessed a better appreciation of good cookery than any others I have met since. I felt as if I had known them all my life, and took as much interest in the farm as if it were my own. But my cash was running low, my clothes were becoming somewhat the worse for wear, and I found that, in order to retain sufficient money to carry me home, I must work in some way or other for a new suit. In the midst of my cogitations on this subject Mr Mathews's elder brother came home to see and be reconciled to him, and brought his family with him; so that, finding myself one too many, I betook myself, without further consideration, once more to the road. I may as well add here—for it marks the vicissitudes of a settler's life—that I received a letter from this couple a short time ago, informing me of their perfect health, and that they expected in a few years to be rich—that is to say, in land and stock, as money is rather a scarce article in Canada.

Bathurst and a part of Simcoe district are chiefly occupied by half-pay naval and military officers, and such a neighbourhood should be chosen by those who are fond of good society, and who have some income, if it were only fifty pounds a-year, on which they could fall back if, through neglect, their crops should not be successful. The farm of a half-pay officer, in general, is considered a perfect joke among the other settlers. Enough corn is grown to supply his family and pay his servants' wages, and no more; and if he has a hundred a-year besides, he is quite a nabob, and requires to do nothing but to shoot and fish, and enjoy himself. When there are a dozen or two of such independent

gentlemen collected within the space of a couple of miles, they lead a very pleasant life. They have a reunion at one or other of their houses every evening; in fine weather they have pic-nics and fishing excursions, and in winter go out sleigh-riding in procession, waking up their more quiet neighbours when they return at night by a concert principally sustained by cornet-a-pistons and the human voice divine. But they who have nothing to depend upon but their farms, had better avoid such a neighbourhood; for there it is almost impossible for a man who is fond of good society, and who cannot spare time or money to enjoy it, to avoid being ruined. His wife must receive visits, and have a handsome sleigh; and his daughter will throw aside the Cook's Oracle to study Lord Byron; and he will soon find that he will have to 'clear out' for some more quiet neighbourhood, and recommence life perhaps in a far worse condition than he began it. The settlers in this quarter are all exceedingly hospitable; but I did not get on so well with them as with the farmers. The information on the state of the markets, which I took every opportunity of collecting, and which I retailed to great advantage everywhere else, did not produce the slightest interest here; and I was set down as an ignoramus because I did not even know the name of the favourite for the Derby, and had not the slightest idea whether the hundred and ninety-ninth regiment had adopted percussion muskets or not.

Before starting back for the United States, I will say a few words on the different classes of emigrants. Canada offers the greatest inducements to agricultural labourers; they are *always* in request, and at good wages. Mechanics may remain out of work for months at a time, but good farm-servants can almost anywhere obtain situations. They are treated well by their employers; and from the excellent system of education, the mere contact with the older settlers highly improves both their minds and morals, and in a short time they may count on being themselves employers of labour. I never knew or heard of a sober industrious couple that came out, even if they had not a farthing in the world when they arrived in Toronto, who had not, at the end of ten years, a well-stocked farm of their own. I do not think that, in general, single mechanics are better off than good workmen at home—perhaps the only exceptions are blacksmiths, tailors, and shoemakers. Their wages are nominally higher; but owing to the great scarcity of money, work is generally paid on the truck-system, and an order for a barrel of flour or a ham is of very little use to a man who is paying two dollars a-week for his board. If a mechanic of any of the common trades has a few pounds to spare, and cannot get work in the large towns, let him buy enough of land near some village in a good situation, to support his family. If a skilful workman, he will soon have a connexion in the surrounding country; and when the neighbourhood becomes more populous, his established reputation will prevent all injury from competitors. But to all intending emigrants I say—marry. It is an axiom with the domestic economists of North America, that a man and his wife can live for less than a single man, even in a city. But do not suppose that a wife can be easily met with in Canada. Women are in as much demand there as dollars; and none that are young and in good health need remain for many months without being either married or engaged. When families bring out female servants, it is necessary, in order to prevent their going off at a time when they are most wanted, to make them sign a written agreement to serve for a stipulated period.

The better class of emigrants may be divided into those who have a small annuity and those who have a capital. The former will do well, even if they have but twenty or thirty pounds a-year; they can buy a hundred acres of good land, for which they can pay in instalments spreading over twelve years, commencing at L.2 for the lot, and annually increasing until it reaches L.16 in the last year; and they must be very

idle if they cannot make their farm support them comfortably while the annuity is paying the instalments, and purchasing stock and agricultural instruments. Those, however, who think of embarking all their property in a scheme by which they will, for years at least, be deprived of the luxuries, and many of what they had considered the necessities of life, would do well to consider before they take this step. A steady persevering person, if used to agricultural pursuits, would get on very well; but a young man, who had perhaps lived in a city all his life, and who had not very clear ideas as to which end of the plough went first, and who wished to become a settler for the sake of hunting deer and bears, would very soon find his capital slip through his fingers. A Canadian farmer must work harder in summer than an English one, on account of the sudden changes of the seasons and the length of the winter; and in winter he will have to get in firewood to last during the next year. If he gets over his chopping soon, and has no friends to visit, he may have a little shooting for a few days; but in general he will not require any gun but an old musket to drive away the pigeons in spring; and pretty sharp practice he will have in banging away all day at birds that do not come in flocks, but in clouds some three or four miles long; and, after all, if he should lie in bed after daybreak, perhaps he may find that the half of a field of corn has taken to itself the wings of the morning. Perhaps the best way for a young man of this kind to learn what he has to expect in the backwoods, and to gain a knowledge of the world in a cheap manner, would be to go on the same plan as I was taught to swim. When bathing on the sea-side, I was enticed into a boat, and when about thirty yards from the shore, I was thrown overboard into the deep water by my remorseless father. Before this I had always considered that there was some bodily defect that prevented me from floating; but somehow or other I very speedily managed to get on land, and have been able to swim ever since. Let him leave his capital at home, and with ten pounds in his pocket start for Canada in the cheapest way, for he must begin to rough it at once. Let him stay there a year, and if at the end of that time he writes home to his friends that he has chopped for three months in the bush in the depth of winter, sleeping at night in a bark shanty; that he has, by the blessing of Providence, only cut off two of his toes, had a touch of the fever and ague, his face skinned by the March winds, and suffered from the snow-blindness, and knows the bite of a musquito when he feels it; and if he adds that he has worked during a whole harvest cradling and binding at just four times the rate they reap in England, with the sun at 80 degrees in the shade, and says that he is still determined to become a settler, then, and not till then, that young man may be considered fit for a backwoodsman. He will become rich in a few years, and may send home for his money and a wife; the wife, at all events, money or no money.

There can be no doubt that Upper Canada is the best place for the emigrant who intends to settle in North America. He will not only have the advantage of living among fellow-countrymen, who, whatever may be their character at home, will here be sociable and anxious to assist and advise him, but he will be under a lighter government. The taxes are not nearly so heavy as in the United States, as in that country they have not only to pay for the national expenditure, but also each state has a large establishment of its own to be supported by its citizens. The land and climate are as good in Canada as in any of the old states; and a farm near a good market can be had for less money. It is true that much better crops can be raised on the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries; but the countries in that region are exceedingly unhealthy; and who is there that would purchase the advantage of growing twice the quantity of corn on an acre by the life of friends near and dear to him?

The winter was now fairly set in; sleighs of all sizes and descriptions were dashing along the roads, without

however, making any further sound than was caused by the musical tinkling of bells fastened round the horses' necks. Winter seems to be the time of the year most enjoyed by the backwoodsman. It is then that the produce of his farm is brought to market, both on account of the badness of the roads in summer preventing much land-carriage in that season, and from the facility with which great weights can be drawn along the surface of the snow: this period is also devoted, by the old settlers who have time to spare, to visiting their friends. It is common enough for a farmer and his family to make a circuit of perhaps a hundred miles in a large market-sleigh drawn by two horses, spending a day or two with each of their more intimate friends.

As I found that, after I was used to it, chopping was the kind of labour the most agreeable to me, it being cleanly work, and the exercise sufficient to keep me warm even in the coldest weather, I resolved to employ myself in that manner until I had acquired a few necessary articles of clothing, as I had before this time reduced my wardrobe to what could be carried in a pocket-handkerchief. I engaged with a man who was clearing some land about thirty miles or so west of St Catherine's, on the Welland canal, and who, besides being a farmer, had a share in a mill, and owned a tavern and a store. Besides myself, there were three other choppers, one of them also an Englishman, and a raw hand. We were all to be paid in goods at the rate of about eighteenpence for each cord—which is a pile of wood in four-feet lengths, eight feet long, and four feet high—and a dollar a-week was to be deducted from each for board and lodging. Two cords is an average day's work, although I have known some to cut down three, and even four. The first fortnight of chopping is exceedingly trying to a tyro, but after that it becomes pleasant enough. It is not a work that requires so much strength as skill, or, as the Americans call it, the fling of the axe; and for that reason, a person who has not been used to hard work, and is in good health, will, from his arms being supple, and easily adapting themselves to the exercise of force in a new direction, have an advantage over the superior strength of an agricultural labourer or an excavator. Our mode of life was pleasant enough. We had breakfast as soon as it was light, and chopped until one o'clock, when a tin horn, blown by the wife of the 'boss,' summoned us to dinner; after that we worked till sunset, when we supped, and generally spent the evening in listening to the adventures of one of our companions who had travelled through a great part of America, lived for two years among the Indians, and, as a sailor, visited several parts of the world. I have no doubt that if he were to write an account of his life it would make a very readable book. We occasionally shot a deer, rather plentiful in the surrounding woods, but which are rapidly disappearing before the advances of man. After I had spent about a month in this way, I met with an accident very common to choppers. I was beginning to cut down a tree, and when taking out the first chip, not making my stroke sufficiently slanting, the axe merely took off a piece of the bark, and came down on my foot, making what is technically called 'a spread-eagle,' although not a large one. This would have been dangerous to me in England, but the atmosphere here is very favourable for healing cuts, and my blood being in a good state from exercise, I was quite well in a fortnight. However, as I had, during the time I was laid up, to pay for my board, the sum I had expected to have made was much reduced; and as I did not care to remain in this place any longer, I was obliged, in order that I might have enough to purchase clothes, to draw on the amount I had reserved to take me home; and after I had done so, I found I should only have enough, by the strictest economy, to carry me to one of the Atlantic cities. I accordingly shaped my course for the Falls of Niagara, intending to cross to the United States at that place.

As I was passing through a clearing on my first day's journey, I was hailed by a man who was splitting rails for a fence by the side of the road, and, on turning round, was not a little surprised to see Mr Eccles, the quondam weaver, and whom I before mentioned as one of my shipmates. He greeted me very joyously, and while walking up to his house, which was in sight, informed me that he was living on a farm purchased by his brother, who had come out a few years before in a condition similar to his own, and who at present was building a store at a village a couple of miles off. Our sudden arrival startled Mrs Eccles, who, in consequence of her husband's having cut a piece off his boot on his first day of chopping, had been living since in a continued state of nervousness, expecting to see him come in with some mortal injuries, and who had therefore prepared a large pile of lint, a ball of bandages, and a roll of sticking-plaster, in case of accidents. They both looked very different from the pale sickly beings they were on board ship. I stopped with them a couple of days, assisting them as much as was in my power; for they were exceedingly ignorant of the various contrivances or make-shifts that are matters of necessity in the woods. I heard since that they had both been laid up with the 'naturalisation fever.' Such emigrants as these, who have been accustomed during life to a sedentary employment, and one that seems so unhealthy as weaving, do not answer for farmers, unless they have some small capital to support themselves, or friends to assist them. Their constitutions, weakened at home by want of nourishing food and pure air, could not withstand the hardships and privations of the life of a pioneer. They will have to adopt some other trade, a very common custom in America, or set themselves up in business; and after they have gained experience by being ruined once or twice, which is not there so grave a matter as it is in England, they may do well.

LEGENDS OF THE LOIRE.

POSTHUMOUS HISTORY OF ST FLORENT.

WHIMSICAL as the fact may seem, the history of some men after their death is more curious than their history during life; and perhaps a set of posthumous biographies would make not the least amusing book of its season. St Cuthbert is one of those whose life is but the briefest and least important part of their career: his bones, as is well known, have had a history of a thousand years in duration, and perhaps have not yet gathered all their fame. I propose now to introduce another hero of this class to the English reader.

The life of St Florent very much resembled that of many other early converts from paganism; and the persecutions which he met with were those common to the Christians of the age in which he lived. With his brother Florian, he served in one of the Roman legions in Germany, and made profession of his new faith during the persecution of Maximian in 297. The brothers, refusing to offer sacrifice to Jupiter, were condemned to death; but on the night previous to their execution, says the legend, Florent was miraculously delivered from his bonds, and escaped from his sleeping guards. Under the guidance of an angel, he crossed the Rhone in a crazy boat without oar or rudder: his brother in the meanwhile received the honours of martyrdom, and the rescued prisoner continued his route into Gaul under the guidance of his heavenly conductor. Having reached the Loire, he took up his abode on its banks as a hermit, delivered the neighbourhood from a dreadful serpent which had laid it waste for a considerable time, and finally closed his life on the 22d of September A. D. 360, at the extraordinary age of 123 years. Upwards of four hundred years after, Char-

lemagne honoured the memory of St Florent by the erection of an abbey, which, by the subsequent benefactions of kings and princes, became an establishment celebrated for its wealth as well as for the sanctity of its tenants. The wealth unfortunately possessed attractions for the Norman pirates, who had but little respect for the sanctity, and during one of their devastating inroads into France during the reign of Charles the Simple, having laid waste and plundered the city of Nantes, they ascended the Loire, and sought amongst other objects of spoliation the rich shrine of St Florent on its southern bank. The monks, warned of the approaching visitation, fled with their most precious effects, carrying with them the relics of St Florent, which were first transported to the monastery of St Philibert in Mougé; but not thinking themselves in safety there, the holy brothers continued their flight into Burgundy, bearing with them the bones of the saint enclosed in a coffer, and placed upon a litter; finally, they took up their abode at Tournus, where there was an establishment of their order. Five years afterwards, in 911, by the sacrifice of the province of Neustria to the northern rovers, and giving his daughter Giselle in marriage to the celebrated Rollo their chieftain, Charles the Simple procured a cessation of hostilities, and peace was restored. The glad tidings soon reached the fugitive monks of St Florent, who assembled to take leave of their hosts, and to return thanks for the hospitable treatment they had received; all which passed with the utmost cordiality. But when the refugees came to demand the restoration of the relics of St Florent, they met with a decided refusal; and were told that the inhabitants of Tournus had too much veneration for them to part with such a treasure. As to the precious stones, and the rich embroideries of gold and pearls with which the magnificent piety of Charlemagne and Louis le Debonnaire had adorned the shrine, the monks of Tournus chose to retain them as a remuneration for the hospitality they had shown. The unfortunate monks of St Florent, obliged to depart without their treasure, took their way back to the banks of the Loire; but, finding their monastery entirely destroyed, and being without means to re-establish it, they were obliged to disperse themselves, and seek refuge in other communities, or in their families.

It chanced that at the time of their flight a young novice named Absalom, having obtained leave from the abbot to visit his parents, who resided at Mans, had not removed with the brotherhood to Tournus, but remained in his native province till the return and dispersion of the society, when, having learned from his former companions the events which had taken place, he resolved to make an attempt to recover the precious treasure so unjustly detained by the monks of Tournus. To effect this, he presented himself at the gate of the Burgundian monastery, pretending to have nearly lost the use of his hands and feet, and that the great reputation of the society of Tournus for sanctity, and the efficacy of their prayers, had induced him to seek their assistance. Having previously made himself acquainted with the character of the abbot, he succeeded, by his flattery and address, in being admitted as a novice. He soon became a general favourite in the convent, and rose gradually through several offices, till, after five-and-twenty years' perseverance, he at length found himself placed in the situation he had so ardently desired, that of sacristan and guardian of the treasures of the church. After some farther delay, he obtained permission from the abbot to pass a few nights in prayer at the shrines of the saints, under pretence of having received inti-

mation in a dream that by so doing he should recover the use of his limbs. At length a grand fête arrived, and after the solemnities of the church, came those of the refectory. The wine of Burgundy is not amongst the worst productions of the province, and on that day it was dealt out with no niggard hand; but Father Absalom, whilst inciting his brethren to do honour to the day, carefully abstained from following their example, and the close of the feast, which saw them well disposed to slumber in their cells, left Absalom cool and prepared to accomplish his long-sought purpose. He descended into the church, and whilst all the rest of the fraternity were unconscious of the impending spoliation, burst the shrine which contained the bones of St Florent: these he carefully deposited in a sack of doe-skin he had ready for their reception, and, escaping from the church, sought the abode of a friend who had provided him with a horse and a secular habit. With the bones of St Florent en trousse, the monk fled at full speed from the town of Tournus, leaving the monks, upon their awakening, to deplore the irreparable loss of the treasure they had so unjustly appropriated. Absalom soon arrived with his doe-skin sack and its contents in the neighbourhood of the desolated monastery on the banks of the Loire, where he deposited his treasure for a time in a hermitage which existed on the property of the scattered community. After careful inquiries in the neighbourhood, the father selected three wealthy inhabitants of Doué (a small town near Saumur), celebrated for their piety and generosity, as his confidants in the success of his scheme for the recovery of the relics, and as likely to aid in the restoration of the monastery, and in providing a fit depository for the rescued remains of St Florent. His communication was well received—the three worthy citizens accompanied the monk to the palace of Thibault le Tricheur, count of Blois and Touraine, who was then at Doué, and requested permission to build, at their own expense, a church in honour of St Florent. The count listened with attention to the tale of Father Absalom; but not being very honest himself in all his doings, as the surname of le Tricheur shows, he was much given to doubt the veracity of others, so that, before he gave his assent to the request, he thought fit to send a messenger to Tournus, who, for the purpose of ascertaining the state of the case, was directed to ask in the name of the count some portion of the relics of St Florent. The envoy was duly received, and the chagrin manifested by the abbot when, in explanation of his unavoidable refusal of the request of the count of Blois, he related the horrible larceny of Father Absalom, gave undoubted evidence of the truth of the tale, which, being thus established, Count Thibault not only accorded his consent to the foundation, but promised in addition, that, if the funds provided were not sufficient for the purpose, he would himself supply the deficiency. A new church was accordingly built, and the abbey rose again to afford a resting-place for the saint in his ancient domain upon the Loire.

The tale ends not here. The monastery flourished again in renovated splendour, and the fame of its relics was spread far and wide throughout the land. In the year 1475, that celebrated seeker of shrines, Louis XL, having entered the town of Roze in Picardy by capitulation, was visiting the church of St George, when his attention was caught by a statue of St Florent, and he demanded of one of the canons how it came there. In answer, he was told that it was placed in their church in consequence of their possessing the relics of the saint. Louis, who was well versed in such matters, expressed his surprise, and ordered the archives of the chapter to be searched; on which an old register was produced, and in it was stated that a count of Vermandois had transferred these remains from the banks of the Loire by

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force of arms, May 25, 1055. The tale was thought doubtful; but Louis in his zeal vowed a new church in honour of Notre Dame de la Victoire, if the saint wished to return into Anjou; and in order to ascertain his wishes on the subject, notwithstanding the capitulation he had made with the citizens, and the solemn promise he had given that they should be injured neither in person nor in property, he commanded the town to be set on fire, saying, 'that if the saint wished to remain, he would preserve the church of St George from the flames; but if, on the contrary, he desired that his bones should be returned to their old resting-place, he would of course leave it to destruction;' which accordingly he did. The unfortunate town, with the church and several of the inhabitants who had remained, trusting in confidence to the royal promise, were destroyed in the conflagration; after which event two chaplains were sent by his majesty to remove the relics; but the citizens, though burnt out of house and home, were still anxious to preserve the ill-omened bones of St Florent, and secretly conveyed them away, refusing positively to give them up. Louis marched his troops back to the ruined town, with orders to seize the principal citizens, and to lay waste the neighbourhood if the relics were not surrendered: the people were still inclined to resist the royal authority; but two of the wiser amongst them gave private information where the remains were deposited, which were instantly seized by the royal messengers, and removed to the church of Mortemar. They were next conveyed to Tours, where the monks of St Florent were ordered to receive them, and bear them to their abbey in grand procession.

Unbounded was the astonishment of the monks, as of all Anjou, when they heard that the bones of their saint, which they had so long believed were reposing quietly within their walls, had been for many years far away in Picardy; but the orders of Louis XI. were not to be disobeyed, nor his gifts held in light estimation; and amongst other rich offerings which awaited the acceptance of the fraternity, was a new shrine for the reception of the sacred deposit: this was not only of costly materials, but the workmanship of Gervais Felier of Angers, one of the most celebrated goldsmiths of his time, who had employed five years in the work, which was considered as a *chef-d'œuvre* of art. The new shrine being completed, the contents of that which was brought from Roze were to be deposited therein. Meanwhile, the long-venerated tomb of St Florent was examined, and in it was found a skeleton, or the remains of one, covered with a veil of red silk, and an inscription attesting that these were the relics of the founder St Florent, in the coffer brought from Picardy. The remains were found in a sack made of a deer's skin, precisely such as Absalom was said to have made use of when he brought the body from Tournus. The two rival treasures were deposited together in their new and magnificent receptacle, and placed in the abbey church, to which Louis XI. continued his liberality till the time of his death, after which, the inhabitants of Roze, and many of the lords of Picardy, reclaimed their saint, of whom they considered themselves most unjustly deprived, and demanded also the shrine in which he had been carried away, as well as the new one with which Louis had gifted him, asserting that the present was to the saint himself, and not to the abbey. Letters patent were obtained from the crown, ordering the restitution to be made, and the bones and shrines to be given to the claimants. But the monks of St Florent refused obedience, and a long course of litigation ensued. A commissary, with a train of officials, was sent to Saumur, and thence proceeded to the abbey to enforce the delivery; but all to no purpose. The monks persisted in their refusal; and it was not till after many years, and the expenditure of vast sums of money, that the matter was settled by arbitration. The bones were divided between the contending parties, and the shrine which came from Roze returned. But the new one presented by Louis re-

mained in the abbey till the Huguenots very unceremoniously carried it off, and gave the bones to the earth, after having pillaged the church, and destroyed various statues and other treasures belonging to the society.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, so eminent for his astronomical discoveries, entered life as an oboe-player in a marching regiment; yet, by dint of natural talent, well-directed and self-instructed, pressed through numberless difficulties, until he attained the first place amongst the British men of science of his day. He was a native of Hanover (born in 1738), being the second of the four sons of a humble musician. In consequence of some tokens he had given in early boyhood of the possession of an active and inquiring intellect, he was indulged in a somewhat superior education to that conferred on his brothers: he was allowed to study French. By good chance, his master had a turn for metaphysics and the sciences connected with it; and finding he had got an apt pupil, he gave him some instructions in these branches, and thus stimulated the latent seeds of genius in young Herschel's mind. Yet the poor musician could rear his son to no higher profession than his own. In the course of the seven years' war, about 1759, the youth came to England attached to a German regiment whose band he had entered. He seems to have quickly left this situation, for we soon after find him making efforts to obtain employment in England, and encountering in this quest many hardships, all of which he bore with the patience of a virtuous mind. He at length obtained from the Earl of Darlington an engagement to go to the county of Durham, and instruct the band of a regiment of militia which his lordship was raising there. This object effected, he lived for several years in the north of England as a teacher of music, not neglecting in the meantime to give nearly his whole leisure to the improvement of his own mind. It was now that he acquired a knowledge of the classical languages.

The next step of importance taken by Herschel affords an anecdote which illustrates his natural sagacity. An organ, by Snetzler, had been built for the church of Halifax, and candidates for the situation of organist were requested to appear. Herschel came forward with other six, amongst whom was a locally eminent musician, Mr Wainwright from Manchester. The organ was one of an unusually powerful kind, and when Mr Wainwright played upon it in the style he had been accustomed to, Snetzler exclaimed frantically, 'He run over de key like one cat; he will not allow my pipes time to speak.' During the performance, a friend of Herschel asked him what chance he thought he had of obtaining the situation. 'I don't know,' said Herschel, 'but I am sure fingers will not do.' When it came to his turn, Herschel ascended the organ-loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the Old Hundredth Psalm, which he played better than his opponent. 'Ay, ay,' cried Snetzler, 'tish is very good, very good, intet; I will luf tis man, he gives my pipes room for to speak.' Herschel being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, 'I told you fingers would not do; and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, 'one of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above; and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two.' This superiority of skill, united to the friendly efforts of Mr Joab Bates, a resident musical composer of some celebrity, obtained Herschel the situation.

The years which he spent at Halifax were not the

least happy of his life. He here enjoyed the society of one or two persons akin to himself in tastes, and who could promote his love of study. His attention was now chiefly turned at his leisure hours to the mathematics, in which he became a proficient without any regular master. A poor teacher of music, with so many extraordinary qualifications, must have been a wonder in the Yorkshire of 1766. In that year he was attracted to Bath, by obtaining there the situation of organist in the Octagon chapel, besides an appointment for himself and his brother in the band kept by Mr Linley in the Pump-room. Here, amidst his duties, which were very multifarious, he still kept up the pursuit of knowledge, although his studies were often postponed to the conclusion of fourteen hours of professional labour. It was now that he for the first time turned any attention to astronomy. Some recent discoveries in the heavens arrested his mind, and awakened a powerful spirit of curiosity, under the influence of which he sought and obtained the loan of a two-feet Gregorian telescope. Still further interested in the pursuit, he commissioned a friend to buy a larger instrument for him in London. The price startled his friend, who returned without making the designed purchase, and Herschel, being equally alarmed at the price of the desired instrument, resolved to attempt to make one for himself. To those who know what a reflecting telescope is, and have in particular a just sense of the difficulty of preparing the concave metallic speculum which forms the principal part of the apparatus, this resolution will appear in its true character, as will the fact of his actually succeeding, in 1774, in completing a five-feet reflector, by which he had the gratification of observing the ring and satellites of Saturn. Not satisfied with this triumph, he made other instruments in succession of seven, ten, and even of twenty feet. And so great was his enthusiasm in this work, that, in perfecting the parabolic figure of the seven-feet reflector, he finished no fewer than two hundred specula before he produced one that would bear any power that was applied to it.

The early investigations of Herschel were made with this last instrument. Meanwhile, he was still chiefly occupied with the profession which gave him bread; but so eager was he in his astronomical observations, that often he would steal away from the room during an interval of performance, give a little time to his telescope, and then contentedly return to his oboe. So gentle and patient a follower of science under difficulties scarcely occurs in the whole circle of biography. At this time Herschel was forty years of age; his best years, it might have been said, were past; but he was to show that even forty is not too old an age at which to commence a pursuit that is to give immortality. About the end of 1779 he began to make a regular review of the heavens, star by star, and in the course of the examination he discovered that a small object, which had been recorded by Bode as a fixed star, was gradually changing its place. On the 13th of March 1781 he became satisfied that this was a new planet of our system, one moving on the outside of Saturn, eighteen hundred millions of miles from the sun, and with a period of revolution extending to eighty-four of our years. Having determined the rate of motion and orbit, he communicated the particulars to the Royal Society, who, partaking of the universal enthusiasm which the discovery had excited in the public mind, elected him a fellow of their body, and decreed him their annual gold medal. The new planet was at first called Georgium Sidus, in honour of the king—then Herschel, from the name of the discoverer—but has finally been styled Uranus (from Urania, the muse of astronomy), a term deemed more appropriate, since all the other planets bear mythological titles.

The Bath musician had now become a distinguished scientific character, and it was necessary that he should be rescued from his obscure and unworthy labours. This public service was rendered by George III., who had at all times a pleasure in patronising scientific talent.

Herschel, endowed with a handsome pension, and the title of astronomer-royal, was translated to a mansion at Slough, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, there to prosecute his researches in entire leisure. He had now attained what was to him the summit of earthly felicity, and his mind immediately expanded in projects for the advancement of his favourite science. He constructed an enormous telescope, the tube of which was forty feet long, in his garden at Slough, and for a time hopes were entertained of great discoveries resulting from it; but the mechanical difficulties attending a structure so vast, were too great to be overcome in the existing state of science, and this great telescope was never in reality of much use, although we believe it was by it that the sixth and seventh satellites of Saturn were added to our knowledge of the heavens. It was with a much smaller instrument that he made his observations on the surface of the moon (discovering what he thought to be two active volcanoes in it), and scanned over the heavens for the purpose of cataloguing objects hitherto unobserved. In these investigations the astronomer was materially aided by a younger sister, Caroline Herschel, who was able to take down the observations as he dictated them, while he still kept his eye upon the glass. This lady survives (1844) at a very advanced age. Herschel gave his attention chiefly to the more distant class of heavenly objects; and by his acquaintance with telescopes in their various forms and powers, he was the inventor of a most ingenious though simple mode of reckoning the distances of some of these bodies. Taking one power of glass, and noting all the stars and nebulae which could be seen by it, he then took another power, and afterwards another and another, and observing the various objects brought into view in succession by each, he calculated their respective distances by the relative powers of the instruments employed. This he very happily called *gauging* the heavens. In 1802 the result of his labours was communicated to the world in a catalogue of five thousand new nebulae, nebulous stars, planetary nebulae, and clusters of stars, which was published in the Philosophical Transactions, being prefaced by an enlarged view of the sidereal bodies composing the universe. These labours of Herschel have added a most interesting chapter to the book of nature. They make us aware that there are other clusters of stars, or star-systems, besides the vast one to which our sun belongs—that these are placed at enormous distances beyond the limits of our system—that within our system, again, there are objects in all degrees of condensation between a diffused nebulous matter and well-defined stars, representing various stages of progress in the formation of suns. And these great facts he has connected with others more familiar, so as to form a beautiful hypothesis of the cosmogony, showing how it was in every stage under the strict charge of natural law. Another interesting discovery of Herschel, which subsequent observation has fully confirmed, is, that our solar system has a movement of its own amidst the other stars, and that this is slowly carrying us towards a point in the constellation of Hercules. The scientific world received these new truths with awe-struck reverence, and the university of Oxford conferred on Herschel the degree of Doctor of Laws, which is rarely given to any one not reared there. The praise of the astronomer was the greater, that he announced all his discoveries with an air of genuine modesty, and received the distinctions conferred upon him with the same meekness which he had displayed in his days of poverty and obscurity. He was remarkable for great sweetness of temper, and for a natural simplicity which often accompanies great genius. It appears that his astronomical researches had created a notion among his rustic neighbours that he carried on a mysterious converse with the stars. One rainy summer a farmer waited upon him to solicit his advice as to the proper time for cutting his hay. The doctor pointed through the window to an adjoining meadow, in which lay a crop of grass utterly swamped. 'Look at that field,' said he, 'and

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when I tell you it is mine, I think you will not need another proof to convince you that I am no more weather-wise than yourself or the rest of my neighbours."

Being favoured with unusual length of days, and with regular health, Dr Herschel was able to continue his researches for many more years, and to add considerably to the knowledge he had already communicated on this most interesting science. He had now waxed rich in the world's goods, to a degree far exceeding his wants, although a young family had latterly been rising around him. In 1816 the regent made him a knight of the Guelphic order, a distinction in his case certainly well earned. But all ordinary gratifications must have appeared to him as trivial, compared with that now reserved for him in seeing his son, who had entered the university of Cambridge, beginning to give promise of the distinguished scientific and literary abilities which have since, in their ripeness, produced such remarkable fruits. At length, in August 1822, after but a short interval of disqualification for his astronomical researches, death removed Sir William Herschel from this lower sphere, at the age of eighty-four, full of honours as he was of years, and in enjoyment of the love and esteem of all who knew him.

BEFORE AND AFTER DINNER.

The various propensities and dispositions of different individuals, have often been dissected and described by metaphysicians and moralists; but, so far as we know, few have undertaken to descant on the fact, that every individual presents many, and sometimes opposite characteristics at different periods of the same day. Some men, though amiable enough in the main, are remarked to be peculiarly tetchy on rising in the morning; others, when they feel sleepy at night; but there is no period when one is so likely to make one's self disagreeable as just before dinner. 'No person,' says a learned writer on digestion, 'will deny that hunger is a painful sensation, whatever may be his opinion of appetite.' When, therefore, a man feels hungry (which he generally does a little while before dinner), he is in pain; and when a man is in pain, he cannot be expected to feel comfortable within, or to make himself agreeable to others. On the contrary, the moment his sensations glide from appetite to hunger, the outworks of philosophy give way; the enemy saps the very foundations of his character. When, therefore, you want to see a sanguine man despond, a cheerful one sad, a forbearing man impatient, or a benevolent one uncharitable, watch him while being kept waiting for his dinner. The best of tempers will not, at such a moment, require much provocation to get ruffled. My friend Rollan offers an apt example of these frailties. For about twenty-three hours and three quarters out of every twenty-four, a better friend, a kinder husband, or more indulgent father, does not exist; but make your introduction to him during the fifteen minutes before dinner, and you will conclude him to be the reverse. His wife's smiles are unheeded, his children's prattle forbidden, his friends' remarks unanswered. And wo unto the household where the cook prove unpunctual!

This is the dark side of the case. Most people are well-disposed after dinner. In proportion as pain is great, so are the pleasures of alleviation; and, when the cravings of appetite are satisfied, not only do the good qualities of mankind regain their ascendancy, but their bad ones hide their diminished heads. The Chinese believe that the intellect and affections reside in the stomach; and really when one considers the entire moral revolution which occurs immediately after dinner, the notion loses half its absurdity. The change which takes place is so complete, that to describe people who have dined, it is only necessary to invert every characteristic of those who have not: then the despondent are filled with hopes; the irritable appear patient; the melancholy are gay; the miser becomes philan-

thropic, and the misanthrope good company. Misfortune is never so stoically received as when it makes its appearance after dinner. One day news came to Rollan that he had lost several thousand pounds; luckily, it arrived while he was enjoying his dessert, and he heard it without a sigh. It is, however, terrible to contemplate the effect the black intelligence would have had upon him if communicated during his antepandial susceptibility; for on that very day he had previously shown the most intense mortification because dinner was not announced till very nearly four minutes and a-half after the fixed time!

Besides the inward characteristics which separate men who have and men who have not dined into two distinct classes, there are outward and visible signs by which they are readily separated and recognized.

The man who has not dined may be known as he walks homeward by the impatience expressed in his gait and aspect, and the fidgetiness he manifests if you should stop him to have a little conversation. Wo to you if such a conversation refers to any affairs of your own, in which you wish to interest him for the sake of his assistance or advice. He cannot even be civil on such topics. Should your observations refer only to the chit-chat of the day, the case is little better. He takes decidedly different views as to the merits of Roland's Grand Assault last Saturday, and cannot at all agree in opinion with you that the wind is promising to change from the east. With regard to the state of the country, he is clear and unhesitating: all is going wrong, and starvation is staring the country in the face. This, however, does not make him a whit more tolerant of the beggar who now comes up as if to illustrate his argument. He silences the whine of the petitioner in an instant by a threat of the police.

Arriving at his door, he announces himself with a sharpness of ring which startles the powers of the kitchen into a fearful animation. Mary, as she opens the door, answers the question, Is dinner ready? with an affirmative at all hazards, and then plunges down stairs to implore Mrs Cook to make her fib a truth. Stalking abstractedly into his dressing-room, he fails to find, first the boot-jack, then the soap, and it is well he does not summon half the household to show both, to his confusion, in their usual places. The slightest tumult amongst the children three floors up now annoys him. His wife, to fill up the time till dinner appears, asks his opinion of some new purchase, which was made because she knew he would like it; but, to her extreme mortification, he wonders how she could choose such an 'ugly thing.' As the minute-hand of the time-piece approaches the figure twelve, he commences an anticipatory lecture on the advantages of punctuality, which increases in earnestness at every second after the clock has struck, and is gradually rising to the severity of reprimand, when—happy moment—enter the soup! Now commences an entire change in his external aspect, and in about twenty minutes he becomes

The man who has dined. Behold him now, seated in his lounging chair. His countenance is o'erspread with a smile of satisfaction. The harsh and grating tones of his voice are mellowed to softness; and instead of addressing his wife in half-snappish laconics, he converses in the most soothing terms of affection and endearment. On being enticed to take a second glance at the new dress, he thinks it is not so ugly after all: indeed, of one thing he is quite certain—though he does not pretend to be a judge—but the colours will become her complexion admirably. This is the moment generally seized upon by ladies of tact to put in practice that pretty process of getting their own way called 'coaxing.' At such moments new bonnets are promised, and cheques written for milliners' bills. Evening parties are arranged, 'regardless of expense,' and lessons from first-rate music-masters contemplated for elder daughters. This, bringing the rest of the junior branches in mind, leads to the ringing of the nursery bell, and though the children may happen to get up a race along

the stairs to see who can get into the parlour first, and thereby create a most deafening clatter, the well-dined father blesses their merry little hearts, and is delighted that they are in such excellent spirits. Should a friend drop in, instead of being wished almost anywhere else, he is pressed to remain; and a quarter of an hour's conversation shows that the host's opinions concerning the weather and the state of the country have undergone a change. It is after dinner that Britain is pronounced the greatest, best, and happiest nation in the world. The distress of the country fades gradually from the view: it dwindles down to a few interesting cases of operative manufacturers thrown temporarily out of employ, or of distressed agriculturists in picturesque cottages being kindly relieved by sentimental ladies or philanthropic country gentlemen. Then is the time that subscriptions to public charities are paid up, and coal and blanket societies planned for the ensuing winter. Nor does this sort of hopeful patriotism solely occupy the imagination of the man who has dined. His own affairs present themselves to him in brighter colours than at any other time. He builds castles in the air, congratulates himself on the improved aspect of his affairs, and very likely asks his wife, in the event of their ever keeping a carriage, what colour she would like the horses to be? He appeals to his friend as to the best mode of investing spare capital; and asks him if it be true that a certain estate in the neighbourhood is in the market, dropping at the same time a hint that, if it should come to the hammer, he shall attend the sale. In short, after dinner everything seems coloured with a pleasing pink, which, speaking more strictly, is merely the moral medium through which we see the objects of our thoughts.

These, then, are the almost opposite effects often betrayed by the same man before and after dinner. Let us, however, return to the subject in a larger—more general—point of view. Man's thoughts and sentiments being swayed in a great degree by his sensations, the former will generally be hopeful or despondent as his sensations are pleasing or painful; and who will deny that these are more pleasing when his appetite is satiated than when it is craving? There are exceptions to this rule no doubt; for we have heard of gourmands who hunger and thirst after an appetite in order to enjoy the pleasure of satisfying it, and whose despondency only commences when they find they cannot eat any more. But these are happily few, because unnatural exceptions. Nature tells us when to eat by exhausting our forces, and by making it a pain to disobey, and a pleasure to obey her dictates. Snappishness before, suavity after dinner, certainly form the general rule. This becomes a very important maxim in suitors and favour-seekers. How many an individual has marred his fortune by asking the favour that would have made it, before, instead of after his patron's dinner! So fully convinced is an extravagant young Oxford friend of ours of the necessity of timing his applications to 'the governor' for more cash, that he invariably sends his letters by the day mail, that they may catch the old gentleman napping just after dinner. The managers of charitable societies invariably make their collections after the hearts of the subscribers have been opened by a first-rate tavern feast. 'The trade,' *par excellence*, disarms the business-like caution of the booksellers at their annual auctions by a like expedient, and never think of putting up a single lot till after the removal of the cloth. In short, a thousand similar instances might be adduced to show that the tide of fortune and liberality flows highest after dinner. How different is it during the hour before! Then it is that quarrels are begun, and law pleas commenced; then it is that cross fathers cut off erring sons with a shilling, and wives and husbands talk of deeds of separation; at this inauspicious period editors become super-particular, and reject the lucubrations of doubtful contributors; and critics get so uncommonly vigilant, that scarcely anything in a book will please them. Reader, when you

have a favour to ask, a bargain to make, a contribution to send to a magazine, or a book to forward to a critic, be careful, if you can possibly help it, not to address yourself to an empty stomach.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ITALIAN.

ARREST OF THE ABBÉ BARTHELEMY.*

ALTHOUGH a sense of prudence made me keep as much as possible aloof from the terrible struggles which took place in Paris during 1793, yet, for the sake of personal safety, I found it necessary to join the club of the Jacobins and also that of the Cordeliers. I seldom, however, took part in the debates carried on in these clubs, and when I did, invariably took the side of the constitutional party amongst the Jacobins, and against the Duke of Orleans's faction in the Cordeliers.

In the previous year (1792), my preceptor, Condorcet, being completely absorbed in politics, was unable to continue his instructions; but kindly transferred me to the care of the celebrated Abbé Barthelemy, who, though in his seventy-sixth year, was still in full possession of his brilliant faculties. Two hours of every morning were usefully and delightfully passed by me in listening to the instructions of this profound scholar and agreeable teacher. While the revolutionary storm raged without, we were peacefully enjoying the beauties of the classic poets and historians in the retirement of his study.

On the 2d of September 1793, I took my usual lesson. The abbé was dissecting and explaining the true signification of a disputed passage in Thucydides, when an unusual noise was heard at the door of the room, and presently two strangers made their appearance. They were, in fact, officers of the revolutionary tribunal, followed by about half a dozen of the rabble. A warrant (*Mandet d'arrêt*), signed by the too celebrated public accuser, Fouquier-Tinville, was put into the hands of my venerable and bewildered preceptor. It summoned him to appear immediately before the Committee of Public Safety; and I was ordered by the officers to accompany him. It was nearly eleven o'clock, the rain was pouring down in torrents, and I treated some consideration in behalf of my aged master; but the request that a fiacre should be provided was met with sneers and abusive threats, and we were dragged through a deluge to our destination. This was a dungeon in which we were lodged previous to our examination. It happened, fortunately as I thought for us, that Fouquier-Tinville, the much-dreaded public prosecutor, was under some obligation to me. Having sprung from very humble parents, he was at one time extremely poor, and existed in a most wretched condition by contributing trifling pieces, chiefly poetical, to periodicals. Having no very high character for honesty, and being, moreover, a gambler, he lived in concealment from the dread of creditors. During the years 1788 and 1789 I had more than once saved him from a prison, by forwarding him pecuniary aid through the editor of the 'Mercure de France.' As I always replied to his applications for assistance by letter, I had never seen him but once, and that was when he became a member of the Convention; and on that occasion he pointedly expressed his gratitude to me for my former kindness, assuring me, that, should it ever be in his power to serve me in any way, he would do so. These cheering facts I communicated to my aged companion the moment we were left alone. They had not, however, the effect of raising his hopes; he expected, he said, no mercy at the hands of Fouquier-Tinville, and although he had never conspired against the republic in any manner whatever, yet he expected no less than to be sent to the guillotine like the hundreds of innocent persons who had been already massacred. 'But you, my young friend,' he added, with tears in his eyes, 'may possibly be spared.

* Author of the Travels of the younger Anacharsis in Greece.

Take warning, then, from this danger, and make your escape from this unhappy land as soon as possible. You are known to be wealthy, and who knows but our tyrants, to possess themselves of your wealth, may make you an early victim upon some new and frivolous charge they may bring against you.' While the venerable abbé was addressing me, an usher entered and conducted us to the dreaded tribunal.

Fouquier-Tinville was dressed in the red uniform of the *sans-culotte* party, and bore in his hand the famous red cap. On the desk beside which he stood were placed two emblems of the dreadful uncertainty in which Frenchmen then lived—a pair of horse pistols. Three commissioners of the revolutionary tribunal were ranged on the right hand side of the prosecutor, while a clerk was ready at the desk to note down our examination or *procès-verbal*. As soon as Fouquier recognised me he appeared rather surprised, and addressing me by name, asked, 'Why art thou before us?' 'Because,' I answered, 'I was found in company with the Abbé Barthelemy, who is my tutor.' 'But dost thou not know that he is an aristocrat and a conspirator?' rejoined Fouquier. I replied, that having for many months passed two hours daily in his company, I had good reason to know that he was nothing of the kind. As it was found, after some consideration, that at least I could not be implicated, my immediate release was ordered. The abbé was sent to the *conciergerie*, that some inquiries might be made into the character of the person who had denounced him, concerning the honesty of whose motives some doubt had arisen.

The first use I made of my liberty was to solicit an audience of the public accuser, and my request was promptly granted. As I write more than half a century from the period at which this incident occurred, and nearly as long from the well-deserved execution of Fouquier, I can have no party to conciliate, and no end to answer except that of truth. This obliges me to state that—monster of falsehood and ferocious cruelty as this man unquestionably proved himself in his public capacity—he received me on this occasion with great kindness, and even appeared greatly pleased that it lay in his way to serve me. My object was of course to plead for my falsely-accused preceptor, to learn the particulars of the accusation, and the name of the accuser. It turned out that the individual who had denounced the abbé was one of the officers of the national library, in which Barthelemy held the post of under librarian, and that in all likelihood the accusation was made from personal motives; the subordinate having recently received a reprimand for misconduct, accompanied by a threat of eventual dismissal in case his conduct were repeated. This man Fouquier promised to summon before him, and endeavour to get at the exact truth of the matter. Meanwhile, he advised me to interest Carra, the chief librarian, and the abbé's official superior, in his favour. I lost no time, therefore, in obtaining an introduction to Carra through Madame Tallien, one of his most intimate friends.

Though Carra was a terrorist, and a commissioner of the revolutionary tribunal, he was a well-informed man, and had the character of being a lover of justice and fair play. I stated the case to him, and intreated him to use his influence in obtaining a delay in bringing the abbé to trial, so that time might be afforded for inquiring into the truth of the accusation, and of the motives which led the library subordinate to make it. Carra promised to use all his influence in favour of his venerable colleague.

Happily my exertions were rewarded, and my apprehensions for the safety of my instructor were but of short duration. The person who denounced the accused was examined by Carra and Fouquier, and they soon discovered that his evidence was not to be relied on, for he had acted solely from motives of personal revenge. I was sent for at about seven o'clock on the same day, and obtained an order addressed to the jailer of the *conciergerie* for the 'immediate liberation of citizen Bar-

thelemy.' The haste with which I fulfilled my errand, and the joy with which I embraced my old preceptor, it is only possible to imagine. By eight o'clock on the same evening the abbé again found himself in his apartment in the Rue Richelieu, receiving the congratulations of all those who had heard of his liberation. The shock, however, which the danger he had escaped communicated to his aged frame, he never wholly recovered; and from that day his spirits and bodily strength declined. I now ceased to be his pupil; but, till his death in 179-, I continued to visit him frequently, both for the benefit of his conversation, and as a tribute of respect for his great acquirements and private virtues.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

A VOLUME, entitled 'Illustrations of the Law of Kindness,' by the Rev. G. W. Montgomery, has been published at Albany, in the State of New York. It is, as a literary work, of little pretension; but it presents in one focus a very considerable number of anecdotes exemplifying the superiority of the benevolent over the coercive and severe principle, as a means of effecting good ends amongst our fellow-creatures; and such reasoning as the book contains is animated by all the earnestness of an amiable and trusting nature. The author classifies his facts into chapters, one of the first of which presents scriptural instances, such as that of David's conduct towards Saul in the cave; another presents a brief account of the benevolent proceedings of Howard, Oberlin, Fenelon, &c. showing how the law of kindness tended in their lives to the most brilliant results.

In the chapter on the disarming force of kindness, we have a story that never can be too often told: 'It is well known that Quakers, or Friends, have adopted the non-resistance principle, or the law, "overcome evil with good." The founder of Philadelphia, William Penn, was completely armed with the spirit of this principle. When he visited this country, he came without cannon or sword, and with a determination to meet the Indians with truth and kindness. He bought their land, and paid them; he made a treaty with them, and observed it; and he always treated them as men. As a specimen of the manner in which he met the Indians, the following instance is very striking. There were some fertile and excellent lands which, in 1698, Penn ascertained were excluded from his first purchase; and, as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands, if they were willing. They returned for answer, that they had no desire to sell the spot where their fathers were deposited; but to please their father Onas, as they named Penn, they said that he should have some of the lands. This being decided, they concluded the bargain, that Penn might have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day, beginning at the great river Conspicuo, now Kensington, and ending at the great river Kallapingo, now Bristol; and, as an equivalent, they were to receive a certain amount of English goods. Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it after it had been tried; for the young Englishman chosen to walk off the tract of land walked so fast and far, as greatly to astonish and mortify them. The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause. "The walker cheated us," said the Indians. "Ah, how can it be?" said Penn; "did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?" "True," replied the Indians; "but white brother make a big walk." Some of Penn's commissioners, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it, and if not, should be compelled to it. "Compelled!" exclaimed Penn; "how can you compel them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" Then turning with a benignant smile to the Indians, he said, "Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed

on, how much more will satisfy you?" This proposal gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth and number of fish-hooks with which they would be satisfied. These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling. After they were gone, the governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed, "O how sweet and cheap a thing is charity! Some of you spoke just now of compelling these poor creatures to stick to their bargain, that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about a little piece of land."

For this kind conduct, manifested in all his actions to the Indians, he was nobly rewarded. The untamed savage of the forest became the warm friend of the white stranger; towards Penn and his followers they buried the war-hatchet, and ever evinced the strongest respect for them. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions, and none could be obtained from other settlements—which scarcity arose from the increasing number of inhabitants not having time to raise the necessary food—the Indians cheerfully came forward, and assisted the colony by the fruits of their labours in hunting. This kindness they practised with pleasure, because they considered it an accommodation to their "good father Onas" and his friends. And though Penn has long been dead, yet he is not forgotten by the red men; for many of the Indians possess a knowledge of his peaceable disposition, and speak of him with a tone and feeling very different from what they manifest when speaking of those whites who came with words of treachery on their tongues, and kegs of "fire-water" in their hands, and oppression in their actions.

This anecdote comes before us with particular force at the present moment, when New Zealand is tottering as a settlement, in consequence of the English following a different principle with the natives.* How strange does it sound to hear men talking with ridicule of philanthropic policy, as something unfitted for human nature, when the fact is glaring, that it is the contrary policy that does not succeed, its invariable consequences being the destruction and obstruction of all that is good. The true visionaries in this case are those who dream that a large barbarian force is to be made agreeable in one's neighbourhood by raising in it the spirit of blind revenge. The true practical man is he who acts justly and kindly by his untutored neighbours, expecting they will thereby be kept on friendly terms with him.

In a chapter on insanity, the effect of the mild system of treatment now practised, in comparison with the former cruel methods, is illustrated by numerous examples collected from different sources. The next section displays the effect of kindness as an element in the means of reforming criminals. We pass from these as subjects which have already been treated in our paper, and come to an anecdote in which the efficacy of the gentler principle, in circumstances where the other could not have availed, is powerfully evinced. It appeared originally in De Lamartine's translation of 'A Residence among the Arabs of the Great Desert.' 'In the tribe of Nedgde there was a mare of great reputation for beauty and swiftness, which a member of another tribe, named Daher, vehemently desired to possess. Having failed to obtain her by offering all he was worth, he proceeded to effect his object by stratagem. He disguised himself like a lame beggar, and waited by the side of a road, knowing that Nabee, the owner of the mare, would soon pass. As soon as Nabee appeared,

Daher cried in a feeble voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to stir from this to get food; help me, and God will reward you." Nabee offered to carry him home; but Daher said, "I am not able to rise; I have not strength." Nabee then generously dismounted, brought his mare near, and helped the beggar to mount her. The moment he was mounted, Daher touched her with his heel and started, saying, "It is I, Daher, who have got her, and am carrying her off." Nabee called upon him to stop, which Daher did. Nabee then said, "Thou hast my mare; since it pleases God, I wish thee success; but I conjure thee tell me now how thou hast obtained her." "Why not?" said Daher. "Because some one really ill might remain without aid: you would be the cause why no one would perform an act of charity more, from the fear of being duped as I have been." This discriminating kindness subdued Daher; he immediately dismounted, and returned the mare to Nabee; and when they parted, they parted sworn friends.' Here Mr Montgomery remarks, 'Let a signal act of revenge, a cold unfeeling instance of retaliation, be known in our communities, and it excites horror, and even the deepest tones of indignation. On the contrary, let a broad act of benevolence, a noble and dignified instance of the forgiveness of enemies be exhibited, and it is at once admired and commended in the warmest terms. So true it is that the human heart dislikes the principle, "hate your enemies," and approves the practice of the law, "love your enemies,"

Nothing, we think, could more powerfully enforce this doctrine than the effect of such anecdotes as the following, which we fully believe could not be read to the most debased of our species, without raising such emotions as to form an ample proof of the superiority of generous over revengeful feeling. The brothers Cheer-ible of the novelist are, as is well known, scarcely over-charged portraits of two real English merchants, one of whom, we regret to know, is now no more. Of these men the following story was originally told in a Manchester paper. 'The elder brother of this house of merchant princes amply revenged himself upon a libeller, who had made himself merry with the peculiarities of the amiable fraternity. This man published a pamphlet, in which one of the brothers (D) was designated as "Billy Button," and represented as talking largely of their foreign trade, having travellers who regularly visited Chowbent, Bullock Smithy, and other foreign parts. Some "kind friend" had told W. of this pamphlet, and W. had said that the man would live to repent of its publication. This saying was kindly conveyed to the libeller, who said that he should take care never to be in their debt. But the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. The author of the pamphlet became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wantonly-libelled men had thus become creditors of the libeller. They now had it in their power to make him repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt laws, except one.

'It seemed folly to hope that the firm of brothers would supply the deficiency. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughing-stock of the public forgot the wrong, and favour the wrong-doer! He despaired; but the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-room of the wronged. W. was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant.

"You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed W. The suppliant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; but this was not its destination.

* A most respectable New Zealand settler thus writes to a friend in Edinburgh, in a letter which we have seen:—"The natives are a fine intelligent race, and are rapidly becoming civilised. Wars have almost ceased, and cannibalism is become very rare, and is only practised by two tribes. The late unfortunate massacre of Captain Wakefield and six gentlemen, of which you may have heard, entirely originated in an unjust aggression on the natives, and their retaliation; and, horrible as it was, the sufferers only met with their deserts." We presume it is not here meant that Captain Wakefield or the other sufferers were specially guilty, but that the conduct of the English was, generally speaking, such as to make the loss on that side a natural consequence of their error.

W. took handed i pected t acribed; signatur "never tradem anything eyes.

"Ah would li mean it would k to injure said the said W. What ar he had f was obt time?" everything stint his might be dear fell must not note to y low—nay will raise deavoure in his th his face, 'I am never ye fairly ex posed to than one but let i upon the tiful with put the q stances, and a voi potent in person w lamp of in his fea difference would no him with with drea with fear its smile friendshi

It has bec something liar evils labour pu any of the That the long been peened to the like evo tories of in a newl "My de I will fulf the state during m not remi papers rel and the t impressio

* Factor 1044.

W. took a pen, and writing something on the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch, expected to see there "rogue, scoundrel, libeller" inscribed; but there was in fair round characters the signature of the firm! "We make it a rule," said W. "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tear started into the poor man's eyes.

"Ah," said W. "my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and would repent you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do," said the grateful man. "Well, well, my dear fellow," said W. "you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?" And the answer was, that, having given up everything to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even the common necessities, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow," said W. "this will never do—your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow—nay, don't cry—it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head yet." The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks—the swelling in his throat forbade words; he put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.

"I am almost convinced," says the author, "that there never yet was an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised, but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Its first effort may not succeed, any more than one shower of rain can reclaim the burning desert; but let it repeatedly shed the dew of its holy influence upon the revengeful soul, and it will soon become beautiful with every flower of tenderness. Let any person put the question to his soul, whether, under any circumstances, he can deliberately resist continued kindness? and a voice of affection will answer, that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions, and light the lamp of affection in his heart, that it might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid him; friends would not approach him with a frown; the weak would no longer meet him with dread; children would no longer shrink from him with fear; he would find that his kindness wins all by its smile, giving them confidence, and securing their friendship."

FACTORY LIFE.

It has become a sort of fashion to speak of factory life as something unusually dismal—attended by great and peculiar evils both to the body and mind—an unnatural scene of labour pursued in disagreeable circumstances, and without any of the pleasures which cheer human beings under toil. That these ideas are at least not universally true, we have long been convinced, for any factories which we have happened to see, conveyed entirely opposite impressions. To the like effect is the following letter, referring to the factories of Turton and Egerton in Lancashire, which appears in a newly published pamphlet by Dr W. C. Taylor.*

"My dear Ellen—Now that I am settled quietly at home, I will fulfil my promise, and try to give you some idea of the state of the factory population, as it appeared to me during my recent visit to the north of England. I need not remind you of the statements put forward in the newspapers relative to the miserable condition of the operatives, and the tyranny of their masters, for they made such an impression on me, that it was with reluctance I consented

to go to Lancashire; indeed these misrepresentations are quite general, and people believe them without knowing why or wherefore. As an instance: just before starting, I was at a large dinner party at the west end of the town, and seated next a gentleman who is considered a very clever and intelligent man. In the course of conversation I mentioned that I was going to Lancashire. He stared, and asked, "What on earth could take me there? That he would as soon think of going to St Giles's; that it was a horrid place—factories all over; that the people, from starvation, oppression, and over-work, had almost lost the form of humanity; and that the mill-owners were a bloated, pampered race, feeding on the very vitals of their work-people." I answered, that this was a dreadful state of things; and asked in what part he had seen such misery? He replied, that "he had never seen it, but that he had been told that it existed; and that, for his part, he never had been in the manufacturing districts, and that he never would." This gentleman was one of the very numerous body of people who spread reports without ever taking the trouble of inquiring if they be true or false.

I will pass over my journey as having nothing to do with the subject of this letter, and ask you to accompany me on my first visit to a cotton-mill. Were I competent to the task, which I am not, it would be useless for me to describe to you the nature of factory-work; it is one of those things of which it is impossible to form any notion by explanation or description, and which requires a minute and personal examination to be at all able to comprehend. I found the mill a large building, with a wide stone staircase, easy of ascent, and very clean. The working-rooms are spacious, well ventilated, and lofty, kept at an equable temperature, and, like all parts of the factory, exceedingly clean. There are a number of windows in each room, indeed so many, that I wondered if they had any window-duty to pay. I particularly noticed that there was no crowding of the workpeople, for the machines occupy so much room as to make it impossible; each operative has his or her range to superintend, and there is rarely any occasion for them to come in contact with one another.

I spent some time looking at the machines, the motion and shape of which I can best give you my notion of calling graceful; one in particular delighted me: I believe it is called the "mule-carriage;" it recedes, and then returns so gracefully, that I was almost going to say that the effect was picturesque, but this I know you would laugh at; however, I can assure you that the brightness of the machinery, which looks like steel, and the regularity of its motions, produce a *total ensemble* which has a novel and striking effect. It seems to me that the machines can do everything but speak. It has been asserted, and is generally believed, that the operatives, while at work, are obliged to assume painful and unnatural attitudes, and that these attitudes, from daily repetition, gradually settle into confirmed deformity. This is most untrue, for the heaviest part of the labour is executed by the steam-engine or water-wheel, and it is watchfulness and care, not bodily exertion, that is required from the operative: this care consists in seeing that the machinery acts, and in no instance did I see any one in a constrained or painful position. Although they have little or no bodily labour, yet the attention which they have to bestow on their employment prevents any conversation going on. This, I think, is an advantage where persons of both sexes work in the same room.

The propriety of demeanour and appearance of the operatives cannot fail to impress a visitor most favourably. I observed that great care had been bestowed upon the "boxing up" of dangerous machinery, and was told that accidents were very rare, and that, when they did occur, they were the "result of the greatest stupidity or negligence." After examining everything, I came to the conclusion that the nature of factory labour would have no deteriorating effect on those engaged in it; in which opinion I was confirmed by seeing the healthy appearance of the operatives about me. Many girls were at work, and all—I may say all, for I saw no exceptions—looked healthy and happy. Their ages, I should think, varied from fourteen to three or four-and-twenty; one I particularly noticed; she was of the middle height: I think it would be no easy matter to match her cheeks and arms; you never saw a milkmaid more ruddy. I spoke to her, and was answered with the utmost civility and propriety. She said that she "had been at the mill for nine years;" that she never had had a day's sickness, and that "most of the girls of her acquaintance had equally good health."

* Factories and the Factory System. London: Jeremiah How.

This I could easily believe on looking round, for they all seemed hearty and comfortable. On going into the mill, the females take off their clothes in a room assigned them for the purpose, put on a working dress, and, when the day's labour is over, resume their walking dress in which they go home. I noticed that, although in working costume, almost every girl had on a bead necklace; this, I suppose, they retained from a very pardonable feeling of vanity.

I believe the average wages of the young women employed varies from eight to nine shillings a-week, and the younger girls and boys from five to seven. If an operative has a number of children, he generally endeavours to procure employment for them at the mill where he works, and their united earnings make them very comfortable. In country factories (which I am describing) the mother of the family seldom goes to work, but remains at home to take care of the house, mind the infant, and prepare the meals for her husband and elder children.

Some who live at a distance from the mill bring their dinner with them, and have their tea brought them by a younger brother or sister; but those who live near generally go home to their meals. The mill-proprietors, in many instances, have built small houses very near their factories, which the people rent, and thus have but a short distance to go either to work or meals. I remember one day meeting a party of boys, about twelve in number, playing about the mill between the hours of twelve and one, which is allowed them for dinner. Each boy had in his hand an immense piece of what he called "apple pastry." It was composed of thick crust, top and bottom, and layers of apples between. They were full of glee, eating away, laughing, and talking. I stopped and spoke to them; they said that they lived at some distance from the mill, and had brought their dinner with them, which they were then eating; that their parents were hand-loom weavers, and worked at home. I asked whether they would rather work with their fathers or at the mill? They replied unanimously, "At the mill, for there we know what time we have to work, and when to stop; but at home we have to go on and on, and hardly earn anything." I asked how many meals a-day they had, and what each was composed of? One boy, who acted as spokesman for the rest, replied, "Why, in the morning, before going to work, we have tea and buttered cakes; for dinner, we have either pastry like this," holding it up, "or meat; in the evening they bring us tea and buttered cakes again; and at night, when we go home from work, we get milk and porridge." They ran off laughing, thinking, no doubt, that I had detained them quite long enough. Farther on, I saw a man seated on some stones, with a little tray, covered with a white napkin, on his knees; on this tray was a large meat pie—I think mutton, by its appearance—from which he was cutting pieces, and transferring them to his plate; a jug stood near, which I supposed to contain beer, but on inquiry I found it was coffee; and a few steps back, a neat tidy woman was leaning against a hedge, viewing, with great satisfaction, the broads which the man was making on the pie. They were man and wife; but, as they lived some distance from the mill where he worked, the good woman had brought her husband for his dinner the pie which I found him enjoying. I thought what a great deal of pity has been thrown away upon these people, who seem to enjoy every comfort, while our unfortunate Irish peasantry think themselves happy if they can get enough potatoes to supply the craving of nature, and to whom the taste of meat is unknown. Feeling pretty well satisfied that the operatives and their children did not suffer much from hunger, I next felt anxious to see the interior of the cottages. These cottages form quite a village, and have been built by the proprietor of the mill for the accommodation of his workpeople, to whom he rents them at the very moderate rate of from 2s. 8d. to 3s. 4d. per week. I was informed by the operatives that permission to rent one of these cottages was regarded as a favour—that is, was a reward for good conduct and industry; and that any person guilty of vice or immorality would be immediately dismissed. The cottages are built of stone, in a very open and airy situation; they contain from four to six rooms each. The six-roomed cottages contain a parlour, kitchen, and little scullery on the ground-floor; up stairs, three bed-rooms. The four-roomed cottages—a kitchen, parlour, and two bed-rooms. Back premises, with suitable conveniences, are attached to each of them. I went into a great number of the cottages, and found them comfortable

and well-furnished; indeed so much so as to occasion me great surprise. Some of the parlours were carpeted, and all contained chairs, tables, pictures, and generally a clock in the corner. In one house I noticed a large sampler, elaborately worked; this was framed, and hanging over the chimney-piece: the woman of the house exhibited it with great pride, said that it was her daughter's work, that she had been for some years working at the factory, and was just then expecting her home to dinner. She told us that her husband, daughter, and two sons worked at the mill; that their united earnings made them very comfortable; "indeed they wanted for nothing." The kitchen grates particularly attracted my attention, they were so large, and each had an oven and boiler attached to it; indeed one of the great blessings that these people enjoy is good fires; these they have in perfection, and at a very cheap rate; I believe they buy coal at as low as 5s. a ton. The blazing fires in every house add greatly to the appearance of comfort, and no doubt contribute to the health of the people, as well as materially assisting in their culinary arrangements. In all the cottages we went up stairs to the bed-rooms, at the particular request of the good women, who seem to take a pride in letting visitors see the order and neatness in which everything is kept. The beds were very comfortable; had generally curtains of striped blue-and-white calico, good warm blankets, and coarse but very white sheets. There were generally chests of drawers, containing the wardrobes of the families, and many cap-boxes, which, on peeping into, we saw were full of some very smart head-dresses for the wives and daughters. The boys and girls of the family always occupied different rooms, the parents managing to stow away the younger children in their own apartment. I understood that this was a point upon which the landlords were very strict. In all the houses we saw Bibles, and in one or two some attempt at a book-case; the books were generally on religious subjects, and all of a strictly moral tendency. In one or two of the cottages we perceived, by the neatly-spread table and the savoury smell which saluted us on entering, that preparations were being made for dinner, and therefore declined proceeding up stairs, notwithstanding the assurance of the good woman "that we were quite welcome." Altogether, there is nothing in these cottages, I assure you, to offend the most fastidious taste; but, on the contrary, every visitor must feel gratified by the order, comfort, and cleanliness that are everywhere visible.

We next proceeded to another part of the village, and came to some small houses with gardens before the doors. In a corner of one of the gardens there were some bee-hives, and all about, neatly arranged, little flower-beds. Into this house we went, and found the mother surrounded by her young children. Her husband was one of the foremen in the neighbouring mill, and the furniture and general aspect of her house were even superior to what I have before described. She was herself a very nice person, with appearance and manners far superior to her station. I thought it likely that she had been lady's-maid or house-keeper in a gentleman's family before her marriage; but no—from youth she had worked at the mill, and, I was told, was a fair specimen of the best class of the factory population. I have before mentioned that it is rare in country mills for married women to go to work, and you can easily imagine that the care of their house and children is quite enough for them. I went into a little back kitchen in this house, and saw a pan with, I should think, ten or a dozen large loaves in it; they looked very tempting, and I asked for a slice. The good woman immediately cut a thick piece. I never have tasted better bread; we praised it, and I asked if she would give me a loaf to bring to London. She seemed surprised at this request, but immediately replied, "with pleasure." I explained that my reason for asking was to show it to my friends in London, who would not believe that the Lancashire operatives were so well off. She seemed quite offended at this, and exclaimed, "Oh dear, ma'am, I'm sure you shall have the loaf; we are by no means objects of pity." This woman interested me very much; her children were comfortably dressed, and well-behaved. Altogether, she had an air and deportment quite beyond anything you could expect.

The factory schools next engaged my attention. At these schools the children receive an education much superior to other portions of the working-classes; that they profit by it, I am sure, for they look very intelligent, and answer any questions asked with a propriety of expression which could not be surpassed in much higher ranks of life.

I understood that great care was taken to procure competent teachers, in order that the hours allowed the children for education may be improved to the utmost. Having visited and been much gratified with the schools in my neighbourhood, we one day drove some miles to look at a school-house which a mill-proprietor has just built for the use of the children employed in his factory. It was a beautiful day; and, as we were enjoying ourselves going along slowly, we met a number of persons, men, women, and children, dressed in their Sunday clothes, and walking on gaily. On asking the reason of so many going in procession, they told us that they were the operatives from a neighbouring mill; that their employer's eldest son had just come of age; that they had all been invited to dine, and were to have great rejoicings to celebrate the event. They looked as happy and merry as possible. We stopped for a few hours at a friend's house, and were soon convinced that what had been told us relative to the rejoicings was no exaggeration, for we heard gun after gun fired, and various other sounds of festivity. My companion observed that it was very pleasing to see such good feeling between the masters and men. Our host replied that this was nothing unusual; that the employers and employed met frequently; and that, if we would accompany him and his wife that very evening to a temperance tea-party, we would have an opportunity of seeing the cordiality and good fellowship between the operatives and their employers. To the tea-party accordingly we went, and found a large room crowded with persons of both sexes, all from the mills. It was divided into compartments, something like pews in a church, holding eight or nine each; a table in the middle covered with cups, saucers, teapots, plates of cake and bread and butter, and a lady presiding at each table. Everything went off most orderly; and after the tea-things were cleared away, a gentleman, who had come some miles for the purpose, addressed the company, not in a condescending manner, but in a way that gave you an idea that they were all friends met together to exchange mutual good wishes, and encourage one another in the cause of temperance. The whole affair went off with as little breach of propriety, or even etiquette, as if it had been in a fashionable drawing-room; no noise or confusion of any kind. Altogether, it was a very pleasing sight to see the different ranks thus mixing together, and must, I am sure, encourage kindly feeling on both sides.

I believe we were on the subject of schools, and, indeed, going to visit one, when the procession of operatives interfered, and caused this digression; however, we went to the school, and I have never seen a more elegant or convenient building devoted to the purposes of education. It was well-lighted, ventilated, and furnished with the best apparatus for being lighted with gas and heated with warm water. The cost must have been very considerable. The proprietors bear all the expenses, but require the children to pay twopence a-week for instruction, which twopence they allow to accumulate as a reserve fund, and pay back to each pupil at the age of twenty-one. The boys and girls have separate rooms, and different teachers for each. The children looked remarkably neat, healthy, and intelligent.

Altogether, this school was the most complete thing of the kind I ever saw, and convinced me that the proprietors must have the education and improvement of the children deeply at heart, when they go to such trouble and expense to attain it.

Now that I have seen the factory people at their work, in their cottages, and in their schools, I am totally at a loss to account for the outcry that has been made against them. They are better clothed, better fed, and better conducted than many other classes of working-people. The mill-owners, as far as I can judge, are most anxious to contribute to their happiness and welfare, and the operatives themselves seem quite contented with their situation. With respect to infant, or, more properly, juvenile labour, I do not see how it can be dispensed with. I think twelve or fourteen is the age the law appoints for their admission to the mills, and I have been told that they are often sent to work in the coal mines until they are old enough for the mills. The wages these children procure is absolutely necessary for their support, and were they depending on their parents, they would not have their four meals a-day, perhaps not one. In fact, I cannot object to a system which gives the comforts I have described, and which, while it pays for juvenile labour, provides food for the mind as well as the body. My opinion is, that as long as the masses have to earn their bread by the sweat of

their brows, we cannot expect to see them better off, more comfortable, or more happy than the factory operatives of the north of England.

As my letter has now reached rather an unreasonable length, I will conclude, hoping, however, that your impressions about mills and mill-owners will be somewhat altered by its perusal.

MEANS OF IMPROVING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

1. **HABITUAL CHEERFULNESS AND COMPOSURE OF MIND**, arising from peace of conscience, constant reliance on the goodness of God, and the exercise of kindly feelings towards men. Peace of mind is as essential to health as it is to happiness.

2. **STRICT CONTROL OVER THE APPETITES AND PASSIONS**, with a fixed abhorrence of all excess and all unlawful gratifications whatsoever. He that would enjoy good health must be 'temperate in all things,' and habitually exercise the most rigid self-government; for every sort of vicious indulgence is highly injurious to health; first, *directly*, in its immediate effects on the body; and, next, *indirectly*, in the perpetual dissatisfaction and anxiety of mind which it invariably occasions.

3. **EARLY RISING**; and in order to this, take no supper, or if any, a very slight one, and go early to bed. *The hour before bed-time* should be spent in agreeable relaxation, or in such exercises only as tend to compose the mind and promote inward peace and cheerfulness.

4. **SIMPLICITY, MODERATION, AND REGULARITY WITH RESPECT TO DIET**. A judicious selection of the articles of food, the careful avoiding of unwholesome dainties, and whatever has proved hurtful to the constitution. The quantity of food should be proportioned to the amount of exercise a person undergoes. Sedentary people should be rather abstemious; their food should be nutritious, easy of digestion, and moderate in quantity. Seldom eat anything between the regular meals.

5. To be very **SPARING** in the use of wine and other stimulants. They may sometimes be employed to advantage in cases of extreme debility or extraordinary labour; but, under any circumstances, if too freely or too frequently indulged in, they will most certainly impair your health and shorten your life.

6. Take your meals with as much **QUIET AND COMFORT** as possible. Bustle, vehement discussion, bad news, disagreeable companions, and all vexatious excitement, should be carefully excluded at meal-times.

7. **EAT VERY SLOWLY**, with a view to the thorough mastication of your food: rather forego a meal, or take but half the needful quantity, than eat too fast.

8. **REFRAIN FROM BOTH MENTAL AND BODILY EXERCISE FOR A SHORT TIME AFTER THE PRINCIPAL MEAL**. If immediate exertion be required, only a slight repast should be taken instead of the usual meal. N.B.—Never eat a full meal when the body is heated or much fatigued with exercise. Wait till you are somewhat refreshed by a short interval of repose. If faint, a little soup may be safely taken meanwhile.

9. **OCCASIONAL ABSTINENCE**. Whenever the system is feeble or disordered, diminish the quantity of your food, and allow yourself more time for exercise. In cases of slight indisposition, a partial or a total fast will often be found the best restorative.

10. **TAKE NO PHYSIC**, unless it be absolutely necessary. Learn, if possible, how to keep well without it. In case of real indisposition, consult a competent medical adviser without delay; and implicitly attend to his directions, so far as you think he is fully acquainted with your constitution, and with the best means of treating your disorder. Never risk your health and life either by neglecting serious illness, or by tampering with quack remedies.

11. **GENTLE EXERCISE** should be taken regularly two hours a-day at least; and it must never be forgotten that **CHEERFULNESS** is an essential ingredient in all beneficial exercise. Mental relaxation in agreeable society, too, should be sought as often as due attention to business and other important affairs will permit.

12. The importance of **CLEANLINESS** of dress and person in every particular must not be overlooked. The thorough **VENTILATION** of APARTMENTS also, an appearance of neatness and orderly arrangement in every part of our habitation,

contribute, though indirectly, yet certainly and powerfully, to promote both health and cheerfulness: as the contrary state of things is generally found to produce discomfort, nervous irritation, and depression of spirits.

[The above maxims were composed by a teacher, for the purpose of being printed in a large type, and hung up in his school.]

POSTAGE-LABELS AND ENVELOPES.

The following facts relative to the manufacture of our present postage-labels and envelopes may not be uninteresting to the reader. They are gleaned from a paper, by the Rev. J. Barlow, on the Chemical and Mechanical Processes, and the Social Influences of the Penny Post, read at a recent meeting of the London Royal Institution. The adhesive labels, or 'queen's heads,' as they are commonly called, are executed by Messrs Perkins, Bacon, and Petch, on Mr Perkins' principle of steel-engraving by transfer. This process depends on the property of iron to become hard or soft as it receives or loses a small quantity of carbon—the soft plates receiving impressions of the original hardened engraving, and then being tempered to the necessary hardness for the purposes of the printer. Mr Barlow lays great stress on the absolute identity of every engraving, however numerous, produced by this method. The engine-work on the adhesive labels is of so close a pattern, that it cannot be taken off by lithography or any similar contrivance; while, on the other hand, the eye is so accustomed to notice slight differences between one face and another, that the most skillful imitators of a minute engraving of a human countenance (like that of the sovereign on the label) could not possibly avoid such a deviation from what he was copying as would insure the detection of forgery. With regard to the qualities of the coloured inks with which the labels are printed, Mr Barlow remarks, that though sufficiently permanent to withstand the effects of sun-light, rain, &c. they would be discharged by any fraudulent attempt to remove the obliterating stamp for the purpose of issuing the labels a second time. The gum used for fixing the labels to letters is chiefly derived from potato starch, and therefore perfectly innocuous.

The manufacture of the postage-envelope is effected by many powerful, yet accurate machines. The paper is pervaded by coloured threads, as a security against fraud; and when sent from the manufactory of Mr Dickinson, it is delivered to the firm of Messrs De La Rue. It is there cut into lozenges, by the engine of Mr Wilson, with the utmost precision, and at the rate of sixty or eighty thousand a minute. Previously to being stamped, each lozenge has a notch cut in each side for the convenience of folding: this is done by an angular chisel. The envelopes are then stamped at Somerset House, by a machine which combines the operations of printing and embossing—the invention of the late Sir W. Congreve. The last process, the folding and gumming, is performed by the Messrs De La Rue, who employ thirty-nine folders on an average; and a quick hand can fold 3500 in a day.

Mr Barlow next noticed some statistical conclusions:—One engraving on Mr Perkins' hard steel-roller will afford 1680 transfers to soft steel plates: these again will, when hardened, admit of 60,000 impressions being pulled from each, so that one original will afford 100,800,000 impressions of labels. Twelve years ago, common envelopes were sold at one shilling the dozen (now the postage envelope, with its medallion, may be bought wholesale at half a farthing, exclusive of the stamp); and yet, though the manufacture is peculiarly costly, it returns a small profit to the government. More than two hundred and twenty millions of chargeable letters were posted in 1843; so that, supposing all the letter-boxes in the United Kingdom to be open twelve hours in the day, and to communicate with one large spot, the letters would keep flowing through it at the mean rate of fourteen in a second.

CHINESE PUFFING.

The following, which is a verbal translation of an ink-maker's shop-bill at Canton, equals anything in the puffing art now brought to such astonishing perfection by our own countrymen:—

'At the shop Tae-shing (prosperous in the extreme)—very good ink; fine! fine! Ancient shop, great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and self, make this ink; fine and hard, very hard; picked with care, selected with at-

tention. I sell very good ink, prime cost is very. This ink is heavy; so is gold. The eye of the dragon glitters and dazzles, so does this ink. No one makes like it. Others who make ink, make it for the sake of accumulating base coin and cheat, while I make it only for a name. Plenty of A-kwan-tsae (gentlemen) know my ink—my family never cheated—they have always borne a good name. I make ink for the "Son of Heaven," and all the mandarins in the empire. As the roar of the tiger extends to every place, so does the fame of the "dragon's jewel" (meaning his ink). Come, all A-kwan-tsae, come to my shop and see the sign Tae-shing at the side of the door. It is Seao-shwuy Street (Small Water Street), outside the south gate.'

The 'prosperous in the extreme' is equal at least to the 'one million capital' of any of our insurance offices; while 'great-grandfather, grandfather, father, and self,' throws utterly into the shade the claim to antiquity and stability so often put forth in our home prospectuses under the captivating announcement of 'established in 1792.' The epithets 'fine, fine, hard, very hard,' &c. which the ink-maker bestows on his article, are quite as attractive, and certainly more definite, than the 'super-royals and extra-superfines' of our countrymen; the 'picked with care, selected with attention,' rivals any day the 'purchased by Mr Jones himself, who has just returned from the London, Manchester, and Glasgow markets,' while 'glittering and dazzling like the eye of the dragon,' is decidedly a poetical flourish to which none of our blacking-makers have yet had the hardihood to aspire. Again, the modest assertion, that others make ink for the sake of accumulating base coin and cheat, while our hero does it 'only for a name,' is what we need never expect from the self-sacrificing patriotism of John Bull, 'immense' as are the 'sacrifices' which he professes every season to offer to the purchasing public. 'I sell to live by my trade,' says John; 'if I didn't, wouldn't you call me a fool?' Smith and Co. profess to sell at the 'smallest remunerating profit'; the Canton ink-maker goes ahead, and tells his customers that 'prime cost is very.' 'The old-established firm of Brown and Brown' bears a most excellent character—no body doubts it; but we question much if the modesty of the partners will allow them in their next handbill to assure the public that their family 'never cheated,' or that they themselves have 'always borne a good name.' 'I make ink for the "Son of Heaven," and all the mandarins in the empire,' is upside any day with 'patronised by her most gracious majesty, the principal nobility and gentry'; while the 'everywhere fame' of the dragon's jewel extends undoubtedly over a much wider field than that occupied by the 'principal dealers in the United Kingdoms.'

SOUNDS AT SEA.

The weary sea is tranquil, and the breeze
Hath sunk to sleep on its slow-heaving breast.
All sounds have passed away, save such as please
The ear of night, who loves that music best
The din of day would drown. The wanderer's song,
To whose sweet notes the mingled charms belong
Of sadness linked to joy: the brook's small
(Like pebbled rills) that round the vessel's bow
A dream-like murmur make—the splash and fall
Of waters crisp, as rolling calm and slow,
She leaves alternately her shining sides—
The flap of sails that like white garments vast,
So idly hang on each gigantic mast—
The regular tread of him whose skill presides
O'er the night-watch, and whose brief fitful word
The ready boatsman echoes: these low sounds
Are all that break the stillness that surrounds
Our lonely dwelling on the dusky main.
But yet the visionary soul is stirred,
While fancy hears full many a far-off strain
Float o'er the conscious sea! The scene and hour
Control the spirit with mysterious power;
And wild unutterable thoughts arise,
That make us yearn to pierce the starry skies!

—Literary Leaves, by D. L. Richardson.

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